

## WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NO ONE CAME?

by JONNA GAULT



**THE WAR  
IS OVER**  
PHIL OCHS

A L S O I N T H I S I S S U E  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK\*\*JANIS  
IAN\*\*MIKIS THEODORAKIS & CAMPANELIS  
\*\*ERNIE MARRS\*\*TOM RAPP\*\*TOM PARROTT.

The Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert  
reviewed by ELI JAFFE. Part One of  
a long interview with PHIL OCHS.

February - March, 1968

50¢

# WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NO ONE CAME?

Words & Music  
By JONNA GAULT

RATHER SLOWLY, BUT WITH A STEADY BEAT

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/style is 'RATHER SLOWLY, BUT WITH A STEADY BEAT'. The score includes lyrics and guitar chords such as Em, A, F, Eb, B7sus4, B7, and Em. The lyrics are: 'What if they gave a war and no one came? If ev-'ryone refused to play the game? If peace broke out 'twould really be a shame;-- with no more hate, things wouldn't seem the same. And if there were no li-ons left to tame, a-las, who could we find to take the blame? And what of our good name, our for-tune and our fame? What if they gave a war and no-- one came? All a-round the mothers wrought up: "You can't steal the lives we brought up!" Up and down the students milling; They're not a-ble, they're not willing. Ev'rywhere the sidewalks teeming: "Not my boy" the crowds screaming. Yet with ev'ry crack of dawn, an- other truck load gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone! What No one came. No one came.'

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It's a truism in the music industry that "Nobody around here can read music." That ability alone would set Jonna Gault apart.

On top of that, though, the petite UCLA drop-out has written a powerful, where-it's-at topical song which distills the feelings of her generation---"What If They Gave A War and No One Came?" Now a major RCA Victor release, the record is superbly sung, brilliantly arranged, and masterfully produced---all by Jonna Gault.

She's even developed her own original style---exploring the potential of pop in depth, using traditional concert instruments and the approach of serious classical music. It's a style that will fascinate FM buffs as well as the transistor addicts. She calls it "Symphonopop"---a term she coined herself because there was no other word around to describe it accurately. Trend-watchers think it may be the next major force in popular music.

Now living in Beverly Hills, Jonna divides her time between working the recording studio, writing songs, and studying the complex field of orchestration. Those who've heard "What If They Gave A War and No One Came" suspect that Jonna Gault may be initiating the next major trend in pop music. Those who have heard her other records are convinced of it.



JONNA GAULT

(Note: Sheet music with piano arrangement for this song has been published by TRO, 10 Columbus Circle, N.Y.C. 10019 .75 ¢

# THE WAR IS OVER

Words and Music by  
PHIL OCHS

The...moral outcome (of the Vietnam war) has already been decided...America has the ignominious role, whether she wins or loses.  
ARNOLD TOYNBEE

Si-lent soldiers on a sil-ver screen; Framed in fan-ta-sies and  
 drugged in dreams; Un-paid actors of the mys-ter-y, The mad di-  
 rec-tor knows that freedom will not make you free, — And what's this got to  
 do with me? — I declare — THE WAR IS O-VER, It's o-ver — It's  
 o-ver.

3. All the children play with gatling guns  
 tattooed mothers with their tattooed sons  
 the strong will wonder if they're surely strong  
 it doesn't matter lately whether we are  
 right or wrong  
 but surely we've gone on too long  
 I declare.....

4. Angry artists painting angry signs  
 use their vision just to blind the blind  
 poisoned players of a grisly game  
 one is guilty and the other gets to point  
 the blame  
 pardon me if I refrain  
 I declare.....

5. Drums are drizzling on a grain of sand  
 fading rhythms of a fading land  
 prove your courage in the proud parade  
 trust your leaders where mistakes are almost  
 never made  
 and they're afraid that I'm afraid  
 yes, I'm afraid the war is over.

2. Cardboard cowboys of a new frontier  
 drowning Indians in vats of beer  
 the troops are leaving on the trojan train  
 the sun is in their eyes but I am hiding from the rain  
 now one of us must be insane  
 I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.

6. But at least we're working building tanks & planes  
 and a raise is coming so we can't complain  
 the master of the march has lost his mind  
 perhaps some other war this fabled farce would all  
 be fine  
 but now we're running out of time  
 I declare.....

7. So do your duty boys and join with pride  
 serve your country in her suicide  
 find a flag so you can wave good-bye  
 but just before the end even treason might be worth  
 a try  
 this country is too young to die  
 I declare.....

8. One-legged veterans will greet the dawn  
 and they're whistling marches as they mow the lawn  
 and the gargoyles only sit and grieve  
 the gypsy fortunateller told me we've been deceived  
 you only are what you believe  
 and I believe the war is over, it's over.

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The long, slow slide into  
 barbarism of the Western world  
 seems to have quickened.  
 GRAHAM GREENE

Americans! Americans! What has  
 happened to you in Vietnam?  
 FELIX GREENE  
 Author/Journalist

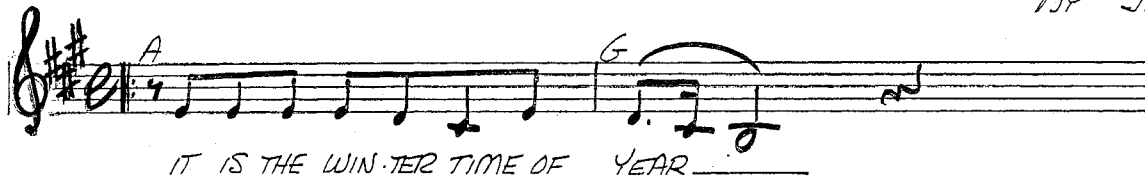
The extensive bombing, and perhaps  
 even more, the revolting inhumanities  
 towards captives...have chilled  
 the hearts of many.  
 ANTHONY EDEN

All we say and do must be informed  
 by our awareness that this horror  
 is partly our responsibility: not  
 just a nation's responsibility, but  
 yours and mine...We are all parti-  
 cipants.  
 SEN. ROBERT F. KENNEDY

Men are not our enemies.  
 If we kill men, with whom shall we  
 live.  
 From a poem by Thich Nhat Hanh

# SUNFLAKES FALL, SNOW RAYS CALL

BY JANIS IAN



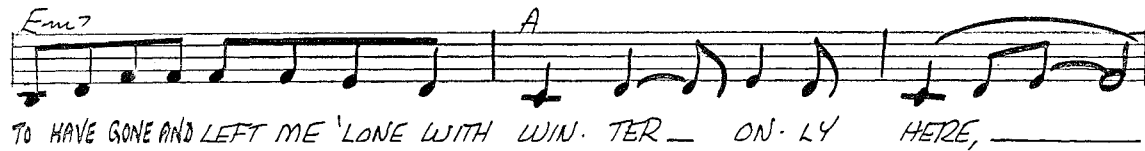
IT IS THE WIN-TER TIME OF YEAR



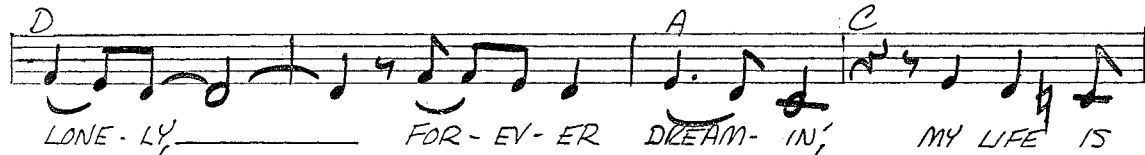
A TIME FOR ALL MY TROUB-LED THOUGHT-STREAMS TO COME CLEAR,



AND ALL THE SEA-SONS I'D HELD DEAR, SEEM



TO HAVE GONE AND LEFT ME 'LONE WITH WIN-TER ON-LY HERE,



LONE-LY, FOR-EV-ER DREAM-IN, MY LIFE IS



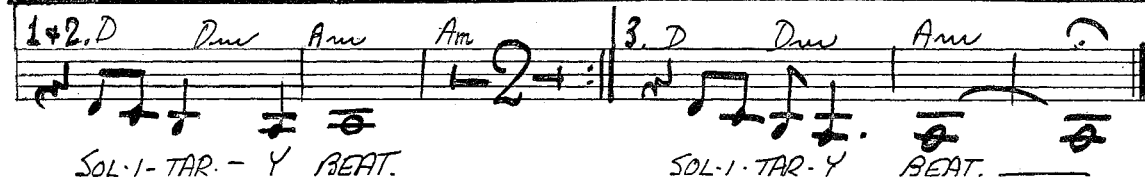
TEEM-ING WITH A YEARN-ING, I'D LIKE TO BE LEARN-IN, AND IT'S



SUM-MER OUT ON THE STREET SUN-FLAKES FALL, THE SNOW-RAYS CALL, HEY



MA-MA IT'S ME SAY-IN' AH A PO-LICE-MAN WALKS A MOST



SOL-I-TAR-Y BEAT.

2.

I've a feeling  
I'll not see  
the summertime  
Ice is in my heart  
and winter's in  
my mind  
I watch the snow  
upon my blind,  
While people waltz  
in shorts  
and sandals  
everywhere  
outside,

Lonely,  
forever hiding,  
Caught in the icy  
path of  
early winter  
Outside it's warm  
and sunshine  
glitters,  
And it's (Cho.)

3.

All my days are  
marked by  
winter's time  
The spring  
or summer  
calendars are  
easier to mind,  
And with my heart  
the seasons  
never coincide,  
Sometimes I hate  
and curse  
the world for  
making winter  
mine,

Lonely,  
forever dreamin'  
I wish that I  
could see the  
seasons change,  
But in my heart  
the ice remains,  
Haze has formed  
around my eyes,  
Seasonal hearts  
don't coincide  
And it's (Cho.)

UNCLE JOHN

Tom Rapp

The wind winds the platform  
blows thru your suit creases  
you want us to crucify the enemy  
for Jesus  
with your Chamber-of-Commerce soul  
you talk of war so bold  
God is on our side, but  
He's lost in your wallet-fold

CHO: And the widows a-sighin  
the children a-cryin  
the screams of the dyin  
say you are lying  
Uncle John

You pull out your Sunday-God  
and hold Him up so proud  
and say He is with us  
to the applauding crowd  
but the burn-blackened place  
the shredded disfigured face  
don't say that God is Love  
they say that you are Hate.CHO.

You stand up on the platform  
with the Flag wrapped all around  
you  
You tell us that the Bible says  
to fight for it we're bound to  
But the red's for the blood we lose  
the white's for the gauze they use  
to cover burned out,blackened men  
the rest is for the bodies  
numb and blue. CHO.

UNCLE JOHN & DROP OUT by Tom Rapp are  
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DROP OUT! By TOM RAPP

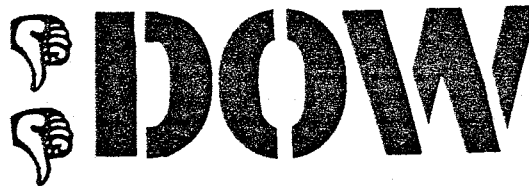
Drop out with me  
And just live your life  
Behind your eyes  
Your own skies  
Your own tomorrows

Just be yourself  
And no one can step  
Inside your mind  
From behind  
If you just walk out

They made the rules  
And they laid it  
On us all  
Don't you fall  
Cause then they own you

They're using you  
To kill all the echoes still  
Around  
From the sound  
Of calendars crumbling

They made the Bomb  
Would they drop it  
On us all?  
Great and small.  
But must we follow  
Drop out with me.



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DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY

(See "A Letter To Dow Chemical" by Diana J. Davies in Broadside # 88.)



(Ed. Note: The two songs on this page, UNCLE JOHN and, DROP OUT, are from the ESP record ONE NATION UNDERGROUND by the group PEARLS BEFORE SWINE (ESP-1054 ). There's no music with them, for to get the full impact you should buy the record and listen especially to Tom Rapp singing "Uncle John."

# YOU'RE JUST A LAUGHIN' FOOL

Words & Music: REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

© 1968 by Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

SOLO: GROUP (Cho.)

1. We dont mind people laughin' at the worn out clothes we wear, We got ev'rything  
hair And the worn out clothes we wear, We got ev'rything

when we got freedom And you're just a laughin' fool. 2. You may laugh at our bushy when we got freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.

3. Oh you may laugh at the holes in my pants  
But financially I haven't had a chance  
We got everything, etc.

4. You may laugh at the holes in my shoes  
You may buy clothes & shoes brand new  
We got everything, etc.

(Somewhat different pattern follows)

5. You may laugh at us inside  
When you see us goin' by  
(Cho. tune) But you're enjoyin' some of the benefits  
That we have died for -- Oh yes.

6. Medgar Evers and Emmett Till  
Were true examples of courage and will  
They had everything when they, etc.

7. When the segregation is broken down  
Then you will see every Tom in town  
(Cho. tune) Sittin' at lunch counters smokin'  
big cigars  
2X) (And sayin') Look what we have done.  
Try to take the credit from dead  
heroes  
Moldin' in the ground.

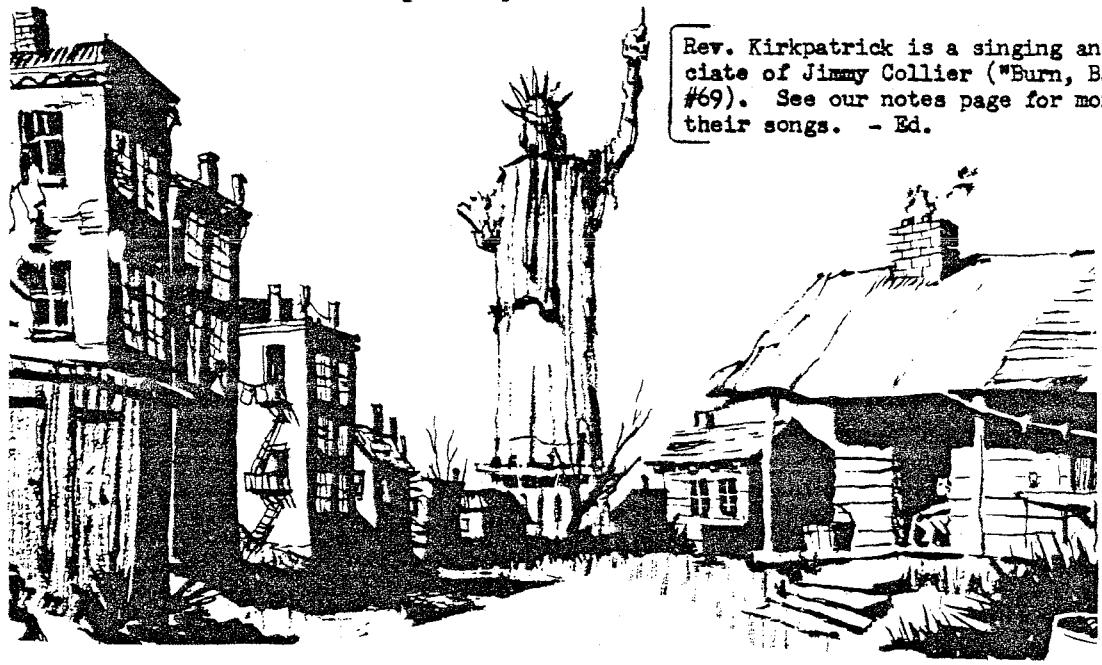
8. Oh but they laugh at our bushy hair  
And the worn out clothes we wear  
We got everything, etc.

Below is a variation of the same basic tune but an important one, we think. - Ed.

SOLO: GROUP:

9. You know they stabbed Doctor King, burned up his house and ev'ry thing  
I heard him say, you know it's true, Forgive them Je-sus For they not what they  
know  
do He had ev' ry-thing when he had freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.

Rev. Kirkpatrick is a singing and song-writing associate of Jimmy Collier ("Burn, Baby, Burn", B'side #69). See our notes page for more about them and their songs. - Ed.



BROADSIDE

#89

# ANTONIS

Words: CAMPANELLIS - Music: MIKIS THEODORAKIS  
© 1967 Campanellis & Mikis Theodorakis  
English Translation: RICHELLE DASSIN

Am 3 3 3 3 E7 Am G F Am

E-ki stin scala tin pla-tia Stin scala ten da-kri- on  
(There on the stairway of tears)

Sto vine-graben to va- thy, Sto latho-mi-o ton kri-non; Ev- rei ke antartes perpa- toun. Ev-

Am F E7 Am Dm E7

rei ke antar- tes peftoun. Vra-ho stin ra-hi kouva-loun. Vra-ho sta-vro- than-a-tou.

**Editor's Note:**  
For space reasons  
Verse 2 & 3 are  
given here in  
translation only.  
If you have need  
for the complete  
song in Greek, we  
will try to ob-  
tain it for you.

1. Do not mourn for me when I am dead  
But come with me now when I'm walking.  
And if you want to sing my song  
Add your voice and it is yours, now  
To sing though the season is bitter  
To sing through the highway of horror  
To sing to the end of your anger  
To sing to the end of the winter
2. Each step forward that you take  
Keeps your heart out of prison  
Each day that you go on  
Keeps your dream in the sun now  
Do not stop here, my brother  
We have no place for sorrow  
One foot in front of the other  
We will be laughing tomorrow
3. Friend, if I should fall down / Tell my name to your brother  
Tell him my name is freedom / Tell him to walk and remember  
To walk though the season is bitter / To walk through the highway of horror  
To walk to the end of his anger / To walk to the end of the winter.

## Everybody's got a right to live

CHORUS: C F C G

Ev'-rybody's got a right to- live, Ev'-ry-body's got a right to live -

And be-fore this campaign fails, we'll all go down in jail Ev'-ry-body's got a

VERSE: C

right to live. On my way to Washing-ton feelin' awful

sad Thinkin' 'bout an income that I nev-er had.

2. Black man picked the cotton  
A long time ago  
He has been a victim  
Since they brought him to  
this shore. (No Cho.)

3. Black man dug the pipeline  
Hewed down the pines  
Gave his troubles to Jesus  
Kept on toeing the line. (Cho.)

4. Black man dug the ditches  
Both night and day  
Black man did the work  
While the white man got  
the pay. (No cho.)

5. Now look a- here, Congress  
This is a brand new day  
No more full-time work  
And part-time pay. (Cho.)

6. I want my share of silver  
I want my share of gold  
I want my share of justice  
To save my dying soul. (Cho.)

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89



**THERE HAS NEVER BEEN BUT ONE  
QUESTION IN ALL CIVILIZATION -  
HOW TO KEEP A FEW MEN FROM  
SAYING TO MANY MEN: YOU WORK  
AND EARN BREAD AND WE WILL EAT IT**  
A. LINCOLN

Words & Music :  
REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK  
© 1968 Frederick D. Kirkpatrick

"THE BODY COUNT"  
Drawing by  
Gordon Frissen





# Groovy & Linda

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT  
© 1968 by Tom Parrott

1. Groovy was a ram- bling boy who came to Tompkins Square; Who sometimes had a  
 2. Linda was a young girl — who painted with her soul; Who lived a life of  
 crash pad, any- one was welcome there; And he helped a thousand peo-ple, Hed have  
 lux-ur- y til she just had to go; And she loved all of her peo-ple un-  
 helped a million more; But they found his brok-en bo-dy on the bloody basem-ent  
 til the day she died, Tho the straight folks of Connecticut would only wonder  
 floor; And Groovy was a free man, so beauti-ful to see, } With a love for every-  
 why, But Lind-a was a free girl, so beauti-ful to see, }  
 bc- dy — that was there for all to see.

3. And Jesus was a drifter who went from town to town,  
 And all the evil, up-tite people knew when he was around,  
 For he showed us what we ought to be,  
 til they nailed him on the cross,  
 Tho they knew somewhere within their hearts,  
 they paid too high a cost;  
 For Jesus was a free man, so beautiful to see,  
 With a love for everybody that was there  
 for all to see.
4. And those who've tasted Groovy's love,  
 and Linda's quite the same,  
 Have also known of Jesus' love,  
 tho they shun the Christian name;  
 For they had love that so few people ever understand;  
 The love of those who give themselves to help thier  
 fellow man;  
 So let us all be free men, then, so beautiful to see,  
 With a love for everybody that is here for all to see.



Linda Fitzpatrick at 17 wore her hair long.

Hippies in the East Village asked this question last night about 72 hours after the brutal bludgeoning to death of a hippie, James Hutchinson (called Groovy) and his girl friend, Linda Fitzpatrick, the daughter of a wealthy Connecticut merchant.

The dual slaying hit the hippies particularly hard, because Groovy was somewhat of a folk-hero, a cheerful, tattooed, wild-haired young man who clowned and played the harmonica to cheer up those who were down, took care of newcomers and found them "crash pads"

"Groovy was just . . . groovy," the hippies said over and over. "He was a beautiful person."

A leader of the Diggers pleaded for help for the flower children. He said, "Hippies are living in many cases in worse conditions than in the Black Hole of Calcutta. They're living with insects and filth, in a total slum and no one cares. People think, well, these kids will go back home. But they aren't going to. They're here to stay, and they need help."

### Groovy.

And why hasn't the man who really did it to us done something about the problem he has created? Why doesn't Doctor Timothy Leary help the Diggers? He's now at work on yet another Psychedelic Circus at \$3.50 a head, presumably to raise enough cash to keep himself out of jail, and there isn't even a rumour that he's contributed any of the fortune he made with the last circus toward alleviating the misery of the psychedelphia he created.

Tune in, turn on, drop dead? One wonders. Are Leary and Alpert and the Oracle all in the same greedy place? Does acid still have to be sold as hard as Madison Avenue still sells sex? What do these nice people mean by "Love?"

Are you aware that Haight Street is just as bad as the squares say it is? Have you heard of the killings we've had on Haight Street? Have you seen dozens of hippies watching passively while some burly square beats another hippy to a psychedelic red pulp? Have you walked down Haight Street at dawn and seen and talked with the survivors?

The trouble is probably that the hip shopkeepers have believed their own bullshit lies. They believe that acid is the answer and neither know nor care what the question is. They think that dope is the easy road to God.

"Have you been raped?" they say. "Take acid and everything will be groovy."  
"Are you ill? Take acid and find inner health."

Extracts from a digger paper by Chester Anderson of the Communications Company (UPS).

AVATAR

(Ed. note: Eli Jaffe as a very young man from Brooklyn went out to Oklahoma in the Depression-Dust Bowl days hoping to gain authenticity for a novel he was writing. Drawn into the struggle for survival by the stranded Okies who didn't have enough left even to make it to California like the Joads, Eli got more experiences than he had bargained for (but then, he got special treatment, being not merely an outsider, but, worse, "a Jew agitator from New York.") He was cornered and beaten unconscious by vigilantes wielding tire irons on a lonely side road near Claremore, hometown of that great humanitarian Will Rogers. When Eli persisted in helping organize the unemployed, he was arrested, along with Bob and Ina Wood. Tried and convicted, they were all sentenced to ten long years on the rockpile at McAlester pen (the convictions were thrown out by the appeals court). While in Oklahoma, Eli crossed trails with Woody Guthrie, just completing the circuit to Texas, California, New York and back to his home state. Eli, by now probably more familiar with Oklahoma than the returned native son, showed Woody around. He recalls a lost photo of him and Woody standing beside a billboard reading "You are now leaving FRIENDLY OKLAHOMA. We trust your visit was a HAPPY ONE." Or something like that. When Eli, who has been back in N.Y.C. since World War Two ended, offered to review the Woody Memorial Concert last month, we said great. Below is what he writ. G.F.):

#### WOODY GUTHRIE / A REMEMBRANCE

Dear Friend Who Couldn't Attend  
the January 20th Musical Tribute:

They buried Woody Guthrie at Carnegie Hall; and it was just the kind of funeral he would have enjoyed -- people singing his songs, not shedding their tears.

It was an unusual requiem, for at the end, 6,000 friends (in 2 sessions), in standing ovation for five minutes, joyously overtoned Woody's last will and testament of faith in the people of America: "ribbon of highway... endless skyway... golden valley... sparkling sands of her diamond deserts... this land was made for you and me."

Woody trod this earth for 55 years and the rich legacy he bequeathed it was dramatically underscored from the moment the entire company came onstage singing, "this train is bound for glory -- this train." For here were his sons and daughters -- Bob Dylan, Judy Collins, Richie Havens, Jack Elliot, Odetta, Tom Paxton, his own physical son Arlo, and Pete Seeger (more the brother than progeny.) Each of them had drunk deeply of the Woody Guthrie reservoir of love and replenished it with their own. What they have done and are doing to the musical metabolism of America is perhaps the greatest tribute that could be given this man who has been called the "rusty-voiced Homer."

For example, Bob Dylan was there, no longer blowin' in the wind a-changin' the times with solitary Martin and Hohner. Instead, after hibernating since summer 1966, Dylan came to pay homage with a 5-man amplified aggregation that hit Grand Coulee, Mrs. Roosevelt, and I Ain't Got No Home like they had never been hit before. His 15-minute stint really rocked and rolled se-

date old Carnegie Hall. Maybe a few old straights like myself, who can't quite get on the Dylan et. al. wave length, put a question mark on what he was doing. But I somehow imagine Woody would have joined the audience in their stompin' and clappin' and body-movin'; for Dylan was doing his 'thing' and Woody was always on the side of the people who did their "thing" (provided their "thing" was on the side of the people.)

("I sing songs that people made up to help them do more work, to get somewhere in this old world, to fall in love and get married and to have kids and to have trade unions and to have the right to speak out your mind about how to make this old world a little bit better place to work in..." Guthrie 12/3/44)

Another example: When Woody sings Vigilante Man on Folkways' BOUND FOR GLORY it comes through with a rather simple questioning. When Richie Havens took this song the other night at Carnegie, he gave it his own inherent blues lick and turned it into a curse against all the rednecks of the world pushing black and other people around.

The story of Woody's life is a pretty well-beaten path by this time; but the Jan. 20th tribute, with Robert Ryan and Will Geer reading a semi-poetic continuity by Millard Lampell, took us on a fresh walk down the road of his years. Arlo sounded much like his father as he sang of the Oklahoma Hills, near the town of Okemah,

Woody loved so well. Woody hit the road when he was 15, was taught to play the guitar by an uncle in Pampa, Texas, and later was blown by dust storm and depression gusts to the West Coast. ("It's a mighty hard road that my poor feet has trod."). But wherever he went, his eyes were perceptive and his ears attuned to the cries of the dispossessed and disadvantaged (fancy words for the poor, the mistreated and unemployed).

As he wrote (BORN TO WIN, 3/8/48), "I love to protest about things that I see need protesting against, like all the sorry sad situations I can plainly see, like mobbing, and lynching, and bombing, and burning and killing, all of which are caused when you let yourself get afraid by any shape, any form, any flavor, any kind of racial hatred. I never would have craved like I did to write so many balladsongs, anyhow, if I'd not been able to tell you what I think is wrong with the world we're living in."

Woody's songs of the depression days and of World War II when his guitar case bore the slogan "This Machine Kills Fascists" were given new life by the singers at Carnegie. Odetta made the Hall reverberate with her full-bodied Ramblerin' Around Your City and John Hardy. Tom Paxton, himself a son of the Sooner State and University of Oklahoma, lyrically expressed Woody's feeling for the migratory worker in Pastures Of Plenty. Judy Collins, lovely and strong, hauntingly reminded us once more of The Deportees, and Jack Elliot and Arlo Guthrie recalled the pain and hope of the Dust Bowl days when thousands were Goin' Down That Road feeling bad.

Pete Seeger was rather quiet, as though his web of memories were too thick to cut easily through; or perhaps he was resolved to let the new generation of Woody's children pay their respects, as Pete has been doing ever since Woody was silenced by Huntington's Chorea back in 1954-55. However, when Pete sang Reuben James the audience responded with a fervor and insistence that was itself a tribute not only

to Woody but also to the lanky folk-singer who has probably done more than any man in America to make folk-singing alive and living throughout the breadth of our land.

When Judy Collins joined Pete in singing Union Maid it summoned up a personal remembrance of Woody as a man and poet-singer. Back in the late 30's and early 40's I was an organizer for the Workers Alliance in Oklahoma City. Our members were farmers tracted or blown off the land, oil field workers dispossessed from job and home, and others in a similar plight. Most of them lived in a section of Oklahoma City called "Graybelt", well-named for it was indeed a gray belt of poverty and hunger (though night and day, they could hear the oil wells nearby pumping for the "fat-cats"!) One night a meeting it was called in the Workers Alliance hall near Reno street (3 doughnuts and coffee for a nickel in those days, but where could you find a nickel). The meeting was in support of the Tenant Farmers Union. ("You know what it means to sharecrop?" a Negro sharecropper once asked me. "It means that Monday and Tuesday you give to the man who owns the land. January, February, March and April you give him and the rest of the year for yourself. If you work for that man 30 years, you give him 10 years of your life.")

Pete Seeger and Woody had showed up in Oklahoma City a few days before and we asked them to come sing at our meeting. Just as it was getting started the hall was invaded by a bunch of 99 and 44/100 percent pure patriotic Legion boys and goons and finks. They were threatening and ugly, bent on starting a fight and busting up the meeting. But when Woody and Pete sang their songs it seemed to soothe the savage breasts. The invaders stood and listened and never got around to doing what they came for. Maybe it was the songs, and maybe it was the songs coupled with the determined faces of our union men and union maids.

Afterward, we were sitting around and Woody remembered an old song, Redwing. It was about an Indian maid who lay in her teepee weeping while her warrior bold was off somewhere getting clobbered by the U.S. Cavalry. What happened later Woody tells in BORN TO WIN: "I sat up most of the night using Ma (Ina) Wood's little portable typewriter and I wrote this song (Union Maid), and later I've seen several million men, women, and boys and girls march in labor strikes and parades while they sang it." (Ed.note: I consider it another typical example of how Woody would take an old song full of sentimentality and even despair and transform it into a positive statement evoking courage, affirmation and a will to action. G.F.)

And so, in the final analysis, this musical tribute in Carnegie Hall was a deeply heart-felt thank-you to the man Alan Lomax called "the best ballad maker to come down the American pike, and in many ways the most truthful and most talented man of his generation." So deeply had Woody woven his pattern into the fabric of American life that even the Olympian New York Times observed: "(It) was a sentimental journey of the sort not often encountered in a concert hall. Eight of our best folk singers and an audience of 6,000 paid homage to a great folk poet who was profoundly committed to humanism."

For me, it cut deeper than that. This was a joyous requiem to a radical who never catered to "the smile of the world"; who believed in a rainbow for people far higher than the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center; who was as true to his nature as the red clay and heart-beat of his native Oklahoma; who created and sang songs to make people proud of their own individuality and potential; and, above all, a man who truly believed that "there's a better world a-comin'."

So long, Woody, it's been good to know you.

ELI JAFFE



## Phil Ochs -- Part 1

(Ed.note: In the Oct., 1965, Broadside-- #63 -- we published an interview with Phil Ochs in which he surveyed the song field as it was then, did some analysis, made a few prognostications. Phil was in New York recently from the West Coast -- where he is mainly based nowadays, recording for A & M Records -- and we asked him to bring us up to date. We asked him to give his ideas on what had happened in the last year or so, how he now looked on Bob Dylan -- whom he discussed at length in that previous interview -- what he thought the future held for American songwriting, how he had reacted to the Woody Guthrie Memorial concert, etc. Then we handed him a microphone and taped his response. He talked for about an hour and a half. Transcribed below is Part I of what Phil said. We hope to have the rest in our next issue).

PHIL OCHS: Since that 1965 interview there have been a lot of developments, some of them very important. At that time, as you may remember, I was quite optimistic about the future of songwriting. I felt that the increased literacy of songwriting would play a bigger and bigger part in raising standards in the market and the pop part of it in general. But I think what has happened since then has been a steady decline.

1965 was the high esthetic mark, I think. because it was the perfect meeting point and fruition of folk and rock, as symbolized by Bob Dylan's "Highway 61". Then started a gradual decline. I think there is a direct correlation between what happened to music and what happened to the country as a whole. In terms of the war and the general deterioration of standards everywhere. I don't think, for example, that Dylan, after "Highway 61" and into "Blonde On Blonde" moved any higher. In fact, there was a definite drop in quality. I think where in "Highway 61" he had complete control of his images and was reaching for almost impossible philosophical points -- in terms of the scope of songwriting that could be covered in one song -- by his next album he had lost control of his images. He had just over-extended himself -- the writing was still there in the next album, but Dylan had lost control of his writing, you see. And this I think holds true of all the people who were around then. For instance, Donovan, since "Sunshine Superman", which was his high point, I think, hasn't come near that again. Or Tim Hardin -- when he came

out with his first work of songs, like "Misty Roses", hasn't equalled that again, with the exception of "If I Were A Carpenter". And it's been a general thing.

Going back to somewhere near the beginning, I believe that when the folk people emerged they came with an unbelievably high quality, that later formed the roots of the pop revolution, personified by The Byrds, The Mamas & The Papas, and so forth. They came out through the path opened for them by folk music. Those days, really, were great. You could walk around and there was a great energy force on the streets. Anywhere you went you could feel the excitement, and when a new performer came to town you could expect that he'd be good, if not great. And people who never really made it, like John Koerner, for example, still were great performers. Even the people who weren't quite in the spotlight were still very good. I'm talking, of course, about the period, as I said before, when folk merged into pop rock.

In contrast, the new people coming on today seem to have, for some reason, a whole different esthetic. It seems to be lower. It seems to me to be more physical and less mental, seems to be more superficial. There was something very together, and there was a whole feeling of real community among all the writers of the folk period, and the early rock period. Say in the days when The Byrds had "Tambourine Man" as a hit. There was a huge excitement, a huge positivism. Everywhere. Mostly this happened in New York City, beginning when the midwestern writers came here to launch the folk revival. When that revival reached its peak and spread across the country. It went out to California and important things happened there. Like The Beach Boys taking the whole idea of the record as an art form as compared to the song as an art form, or just the singer as an artist. The Beach Boys reached their peak with "Good Vibrations", "California Girls", "God Only Knows", etc. After that, they also got into this present trend of confusion, and disarray, that has struck both coasts now.

And since '65 there has been a whole bunch of new people coming out, mostly in the form of groups, using what I guess is the most publicized version of the new music-- the "San Francisco Sound". The San Francisco movement, I think, was very short-lived. When that came together last summer in the Monterey Pop Festival there were a lot of drugs around, and it was a very drug-influenced music. In a sense, on the surface at least, it was a more communal music. But I think there was a certain thing lacking there, from the beginning.

First of all, the value of it was the spirit -- there was a great spirit, you know, whether it was drug or not -- a band would get up and work themselves into a frenzy, but a communal frenzy. They were working together, with each other -- they'd be very conscious of the crowd in a very positive fashion. It was a very together type of movement, and it broke down some of the barriers of say, theater, almost in the sense that Pete Seeger used to talk about, when Pete Seeger at

Newport was worried that folk music was becoming too theater-oriented, and the stage was a barrier -- you know with the performer on one side and the audience on the other. Pete was worried about that because he viewed folk music as a very close, singing over a table with beer thing, back and forth, very human, very close. Song-swapping. And human contact. In a real sense, I think this happened in San Francisco, with this kind of open-ness. It happened on a certain level, and it happened strongly.

What then was lacking? Why did it last so short a time, only a matter of months. For an answer I'd like to return to the New York scene. I think the New York writing movement, ultimately, was still the most important development in this whole picture. Because I think in any art form, finally, you have to go to the individual, you have to go to the personality, the unique personality that creates a certain amount of output out of his own brain pattern, his own thought processes, and, if you will, out of his own selfishness even. Ultimately, it has to be a Tolstoy, a Dostievsky, or an Edgar Allen Poe. To create the real, enduring work it has to be the private agony of the artist. And in San Francisco they tried to create a form of communal art. This really worked better alive than on records. I don't think a recording will ever recapture the spirit of what happened there. Which is unfair. Especially to the great thing that happened at love-ins, where there was no money factor to intervene -- the bands were unpaid. Even the big bands, like the Jefferson Airplane, would play for nothing and do fantastic, energy-arousing sets. Almost involving a climax with the whole audience -- very sexual overtones for the whole thing. This deteriorated, almost immediately. Unlike the slow deterioration of the New York scene, the San Francisco thing just dropped like a huge bring-down as soon as the summer ended. And it had all the elements of a drug bringdown -- the heights were the drug heights and the depths were the drug depths and they went off into amphetamine -- speed -- and other surefire highs. To cover their depression, essentially. Which is still going on as of this interview-- still going on that way. And so the drugs, on one level, were a temporary positive factor and seem to be now, at this point, a longer negative factor. In terms of creativity, in terms of the music scene in general.

But it's not only on the West Coast -- the whole music scene in America is now in a state of total confusion.

You see, there's a general pattern in what happens with the music industry; there's much historical precedent for what has taken place since 1965. For example, let's go back to 1955, and see what happened to Elvis Presley, the Everly brothers, Chuck Berry and their "success story". Certain unique individuals, usually from country backgrounds, created a music so vital and so exciting that they essentially destroyed the big bands. They were absorbed by big city commercialism and took over the market. And when it became quite apparent that the industry could make literally a million dollars by finding a guy who had a "sound" -- or rather, "marketing" such a man -- the profiteers came swarming in. That was around 1958. They took over and literally de-

stroyed this new music, by aping it with guys like Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and so forth. They got them on television, made the deals -- T-V was involved, radio was involved, agencies were involved, and a whole business syndrome emerged where they just sold the prefabricated products which looked like the real thing. And they made the same amount of money as the real thing, usually only temporarily, but that didn't matter because you had your profits made. You manufactured your "hit" and sent your performer around. So the radio, which was the music teacher to a lot of people, you know, died. And I think this was one of the factors that led to folk music becoming so big around 1958. Because everything then ex- istant become so rank and so ridiculous so fast that people just turned away from that -- they still danced to it, but they weren't alive with it. And so folk music provided the perfect antidote, in terms of very human, very simple, very real, contact. Plus the emergence of certain key individuals, like those in the Kingston Trio. The King- ston Trio in the early stage served like the gurus of folk music for the college crowd.

They were the translators that took the folk idiom, wore their striped shirts, and went to the colleges and made collegiate jokes, but then sang the songs. They broke through that way. Then Joan Baez, having the unique and great voice, came off and served as the translator of the more traditional idiom. With a very, almost surreal beauty -- an unearthly, very ancient quality in her voice. So all this set the stage for the New York songwriters -- I say that for lack of a better term -- the Midwestern-New York folk writers who came together and formed their movement -- and this brings in the birth of Broadside as the voice of their movement, the "protest song" movement. Then followed the shift into more lyrical songs, more philosophical, self- searching songs. But always, always, with a high regard for words, a high regard for songs as words plus music, not just music. And then merg- ing with folk rock and trying to find ways to communicate in that way, with a combination of musical sounds, instrumental sounds, and rhythm and words. And this culminated, like I said, in 1965. And once more it seems to me what happened, the second time in a row, history repeating it- self, very rapidly. Seeing the fantastic suc- cess of a Dylan, or of The Byrds, specifically, in terms of doing a good and logical musical step, immediately the companies have stepped in. And again done them one better, went out to find their guys, or manufacture their guys, and to make their deals, line up television and radio stations, make records, and market their prod- uct. Once again, it has been at the expense of the radio as a teacher. So right now, here at the beginning of 1968, we are in the middle of that. The country has been buried by layers of publicity about the "San Francisco Sound", which is now totally degenerate.

This brings in the new people, who are here now. They don't give off a sense of lasting value, like the older people did, for the reason I gave earlier -- they are not really creative individuals. There were exciting groups which temporarily came together, and on a certain cut of one of their records you can find it, like "White Rabbit" in the Jefferson Airplane -- that is a cut that will last. Or them singing, "Don't You Want Somebody To Love You." But their new album, and their whole direction,

and this is true also of The Grateful Dead, and so many more of these groups, they don't have an artistic leg to stand on. Generally, their own standards are lower, and what they try to put out, when they get right down to it and say, we've got a new album to put out, and they ask each other, what songs are we going to sing, what words are we going to sing, and how are we going to do it, why then they face the limitations that should have been solved in the first place, before they became famous -- you know this is a very common problem in Amer- ica, to become successful and famous with no talent, and then try to figure out how to sal- vage your fame by other means.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the things misunderstood by the gener- al public is the "psychedelic sound." It nev- er was really that important. In the psyche- delic revolution there never was any good or valid or important music. Which adds to what I've said before and leaves me with the con- clusion that the entire state of music today is entirely confused, and I think that where as before you could look at ten, 15, 20, 25 ex- citing influences -- or people -- personali- ties -- doing great work, I think today the scene is virtually an uninhabited desert. The people are still operating off the old flames, the energy they have left over, like the Bea- tles, who are managing to keep up a high level, and the Stones. But the new people -- I think we are just in danger of bringing down a lot of minds by publicizing them. Like The Doors, who started off being mildly interesting, hit Number One, and just failed, like all the oth- er new groups, to produce real quality. Be- cause they just started with nothing.

I think Bob Dylan is now operating on a lower level of literacy, that the real contribution that was made by "Mr. Tambourine Man", "Like A Rolling Stone", "Ballad of a Thin Man", "Des- olation Row", and "Hattie Carroll", and so forth, is not in evidence now, has not been equalled, never mind surpassed. And since he was the great standard setter, you can see that the present does not make for a happy picture.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I say that what has happened to music is a general reflection of what has happened to the whole country, there are key examples of what I mean about the country. For example, in watching an old John Wayne-John Ford wes- tern movie, "Rio Grande" recently, and think- ing about Wayne's new movie about to come out called "The Green Berets", it occurred to me that the contrast between these two films was making a similar comment, in some sense, to mine, in that here we have John Wayne, who was a major artistic and psychological figure on the American scene, since he was a very great film star widely popular, who at one point used to make movies of soldiers who had a certain validity in that they were based on a certain view of nobility, a certain sense of honor what the soldier-hero was doing. Even if it was about what the soldier-hero was doing. Even if it was a cavalry movie doing a historically dis- honorable thing to the Indians, even so there was a feeling of what it meant to be a man, what it meant to have some sense of duty, let us say. Now today we have the same actor mak- ing his new war movie in a war so hopelessly corrupt that without seeing the movie I'm

sure it is perfectly safe to say that it will be an almost technically-robot-view of soldiery, just by definition of how the whole country has deteriorated. And I think it would make a very interesting double feature to show a good old Wayne movie like, say "She wore A Yellow Ribbon" with "The Green Berets." Because that would make a very striking comment on what has happened to America in general.

Also, I think the death of the three astronauts being burned alive is very significant in much the same sense again. Because here again you've got something having gone mad, and mad for profit, in this case the space race. Even in a space craft the workmanship is allowed to become sloppy because the need to make money, fast, fast, fast, is pressed forward so rapidly that those in power are willing to sacrifice their own self-proclaimed high ideals. So they take a man like Virgil Grissom and say, here's the man we'd like every American to be, and then they kill him. And so the very thought of science becomes corrupted. Which I think is very like what's happening in music now -- it correlates to the war, because the war correlates directly to all the country's values. And standards, or lack of.

And the climate for creating sinks lower and lower by the day.

PHIL OCHS

\* \* \* \* \*

**NOTES** We've encountered mixed reactions to the WOODY GUTHRIE MEMORIAL CONCERT staged at Carnegie Hall last month. Izzy Young, we understand, was very upset, and has said he will give his reasons in his next newsletter. There were others who felt the people really connected with Woody -- like Alan Lomax, for instance - were slighted, and the spotlight given to people who never had anything to do with the Oklahoma folk bard. There was some feeling that Woody himself might have walked out on the whole proceedings, in the sense that the ESTABLISHMENT, which he had resisted with all his strength while he was able, took him over when he was dead and couldn't do a thing about it. We remembered from the Almanac Singer days how Woody used to clash with Mill Lampell, who scripted the Carnegie Hall show... One of the positive aspects of the Memorial Tribute was that not a few thousands of young people, who came to see Bob Dylan, were introduced thoroughly to Woody Guthrie for probably the first time, and will never forget Woody. Some of the controversy, we thought, resulted from clashing conceptions of what the concert should have been. Actually, what the dissenters visualized would make a second good concert, which would feature the work of the new songwriters inspired by Woody's example.

On such a program could be Bob Dylan singing his "Letter To Woody" and even the title song of his new L-P, "John Wesley Harding", which can be interpreted as Bob competing with Woody's outlaw ballad "Pretty Boy Floyd" (with Bobby, incidentally, coming off second best). Tom Paxton could sing his great song "Farewell To Cisco", Tom's tribute to Woody's longtime pardner, Cisco Houston. Let Phil Ochs sing his "Bound For Glory", which has not only incisive lyrics about what Woody stood for but is one of the most musical songs Phil has written. And bring Mark Spoelstra back to New York to sing his "Fishin' With Love", which we still feel is the closest thing

to a Guthrie song that anybody has ever written. Len Chandler, who really knows what Woody was all about, could probably write a fine song tribute, as he did for Leadbelly at the Leadbelly tribute concert a few years back. Call on Pat Sky, Ernie Marrs -- the field is big and wide. Pete Seeger should put into a song what Woody meant to him. And so on. It should make for a great concert...

Upcoming Concerts: At Israel Young's Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave., N.Y.C.: LIBBA COTTEN Feb. 12th; LOU KILLEN Feb. 19... PETE SEEGER will be at the Walt Whitman Aud., Brooklyn College, Feb. 22... LEN CHANDLER at the NYU Loeb Center Mar. 2. CLANCY BROS. & TOMMY MAKEM at Carnegie Hall, N.Y., March 9th... At the Main Point, Philly: JOHN HARTFORD & the BLUE MTN. BOYS Feb. 15-18; JOHN HAMMOND & DON SANDERS Feb. 22-25; GOOD & PLENTY & ROBBY ROBINSON Feb. 29 thru Mar. 3rd; LEN CHANDLER & JAMIE BROCKETT Mar. 7-10; MICHAEL COONEY & TIM MOORE Mar. 14-17; JAKE HOLMES & BILL STAINES Mar. 21-24; and ODETTA & JIM CROCE Mar. 28-31. All these at the Main Point, Phila. ... JUDY COLLINS will be at the N.Y. State University at Stoney Brook, Long Island, Feb. 24, and the University of Rochester, N.Y. Feb. 29th.

YOU'RE JUST A LAUGHIN' FOOL and EVERYBODY'S GOT A RIGHT TO LIVE in this issue are part of the program of songs by the author, Rev. Kirkpatrick, Jimmy Collier, and Herman Jenkins are singing in the N.Y.C. area in support of the Poor People's Campaign for Jobs or Income to be staged in Washington, D.C. beginning in April. The Poor People will carry on a continuous camp-in demonstration there. If you would like to have these fine singers at a booking get in touch with B'Side.

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# DAYS OF LONG AGO

Words: ERNEST MARRS  
Tune: Adapted from Traditional  
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When I was a child in a country wild  
Where the ducks flew fast and free,  
I spent my days learning Nature's ways,  
And a woodsman I came to be.  
Now in the gloom of a city room,  
As traffic roars below,  
I scratch my head at things we did  
In the days of long ago.



There's a hill I see up in Tennessee  
Where never a tree is seen.  
On its slopes you'll pass not a blade of grass,  
Nor one single thing that's green,  
For the wastes that pour from the copper ore  
Forbid green things to grow,  
So we don't see what used to be  
In the days of long ago.

There's a little creek where I used to peek  
At many a frog and snake,  
At the dragon fly that was buzzing by,  
And the fish that ignored my bait;  
But it's not the same, for a factory came  
Its blessings to bestow,  
And their sewer runs where the fish were once  
In the days of long ago.



Through forests deep I used to creep  
Stalking the deer and bear;  
And I'd hear them leap when a jaybird shrieked,  
Alarming the creatures there.  
The winter breeze now finds those trees  
Black skeletons in the snow;  
A careless match burned up that patch  
In the days of long ago.

I well recall when I was small  
And lived in the mountain West,  
Out on the flat a prairie dog sat  
With his paws held to his chest;  
But ranchers grim soon poisoned him,  
And the coyotes ate him, so  
The coyotes went where he was sent  
In the days of long ago.

In the winter nights when the Northern Lights  
Went streaking down the sky,  
I would stand and stare at the stars up there  
With a telescope to my eye;  
But now I gaze at a murky haze  
Which reflects the city's glow,  
For the sky was choked with industrial smoke  
In the days of long ago.

The ground is hard in my back yard,  
But there an acorn grew;  
It began its climb in Franklin's time,  
And its centuries were nearly two.  
A landlord cut it at the butt,  
And there's just a stump to show  
What a mighty oak went up in smoke  
In the days of long ago.

With a greedy hand we loot the land,  
And lose before we learn,  
But yet there may come a better day  
For things that can return.  
There's a squirrel still on my window sill,  
Frisking to and fro,  
Haunting me with a memory  
Of the days of long ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 6th ANNIVERSARY

## GREETINGS

from

## PHIL & MICHAEL OCHS

NEW YORK TIMES,  
JANUARY 28, 1968

# The Villain Is War at B'way Rally

By ARTHUR GREENSPAN

Barbra Streisand sang the anti-war song, Leonard Bernstein, who composed music accompanied her.

The scene was Philharmonic Hall last night and some 2,800 filled every seat, at prices up to \$250 a ticket, to register their protest against the Vietnam war.

The show was called Broadway for Peace 1968; co-host Paul Newman estimated that some \$50,000 was raised, and the money will go for those congressional campaigns where members of Congress who have opposed the Vietnam war are facing rigorous battles this year.

There was anti-war humor, songs of protest and just plain entertainment, but the keynote came from Sen. Gruening (D-Alaska), who told the audience

that Americans haven't been given all the facts about the Vietnam war.

"If the American people only knew the facts, they would end this unconstitutional, illegal, indefensible and monstrous war.

The quiet song sung by Barbra Streisand reflected the pervasive frustration with the war. Called "So Pretty," the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green told this story in a child's words:

"We were learning in our school today,  
All about a country far away,  
"Full of lovely temples  
Painted gold  
Modern cities,  
Jungles ages old,  
"And the people are so pretty there  
Shining smiles and shiny eyes and hair,  
"Then I had to ask my teacher why  
War was making all those people die.  
They're so pretty, so pretty.  
"Then my teacher said, and took my hand  
They must die for peace, you understand.  
"But they're so pretty, so pretty  
I don't understand."

(Phil Ochs also sang at the B'Way for Peace rally. "It was the first time I ever sang in a tuxedo," Phil said.)

# THEODORAKIS OUT OF GREEK PRISON

Composer-Politician Freed  
After Serving 5 Months

Special to The New York Times

ATHENS, Jan. 27 — Mikis Theodorakis, the leftist politician and celebrated Greek composer, was freed from prison today under a political amnesty. He promised to devote himself to his family and his music.

The 42-year-old composer of the music for the film "Zorba the Greek" said he would make no statements "for the time being."

"I am free and I am going home," he said. "Tonight is the night of George and Margarita," he added, referring to his two children.

The Greek military regime declared that the 10-month-old ban of Mr. Theodorakis's music would be lifted. The Press Under Secretary, Michael Sideratos, after seeing the composer, said that a special committee would screen his songs and prohibit only those that had a political character.

(Note: See song "Antonis" in this issue.)



*To those who are re-  
sponding to these  
appeals for Broadside,  
and to youe Asch, too  
— thank you!  
M. Reynolds*

advt.

EL CENTRO CAMPESINO CULTURAL  
Del Rey, Calif. 93616

Dear Sis Cunningham:

Writing these few lines to ask you if you know of anyone who could donate guitar strings for our guitar classes because we are getting more people every day who want to take guitar classes but we don't have enough strings. We want for everyone to take these classes because it is something to do for the people.

The CENTRO is doing a lot of things, but we want to do more than we are doing right now. Because these people are our own people, the "RAZA".

If you can, will you please send me a list of names of persons who would be able to donate strings? If they don't have any use for them. .... THANK YOU.

Sincerely,

Ruben Rodriguez

(Ed Note: If ever there was a need that deserves to be filled, this is it. We hope you respond and these folks get as many guitar strings as they can possibly use.)



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\*Fine roundup of the best of the underground press from all over the U.S.A. .60¢ a copy, \$3. per year.

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

*My son who valiant flies the sky,  
Has killed eleven men,  
And he will leave the earth at dawn  
To fly and kill again.*

*The neighbors say that he will get  
a shining cross to wear.  
They talk as if eleven men  
weren't cross enough to bear.*

—Anon The Appalachian South

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